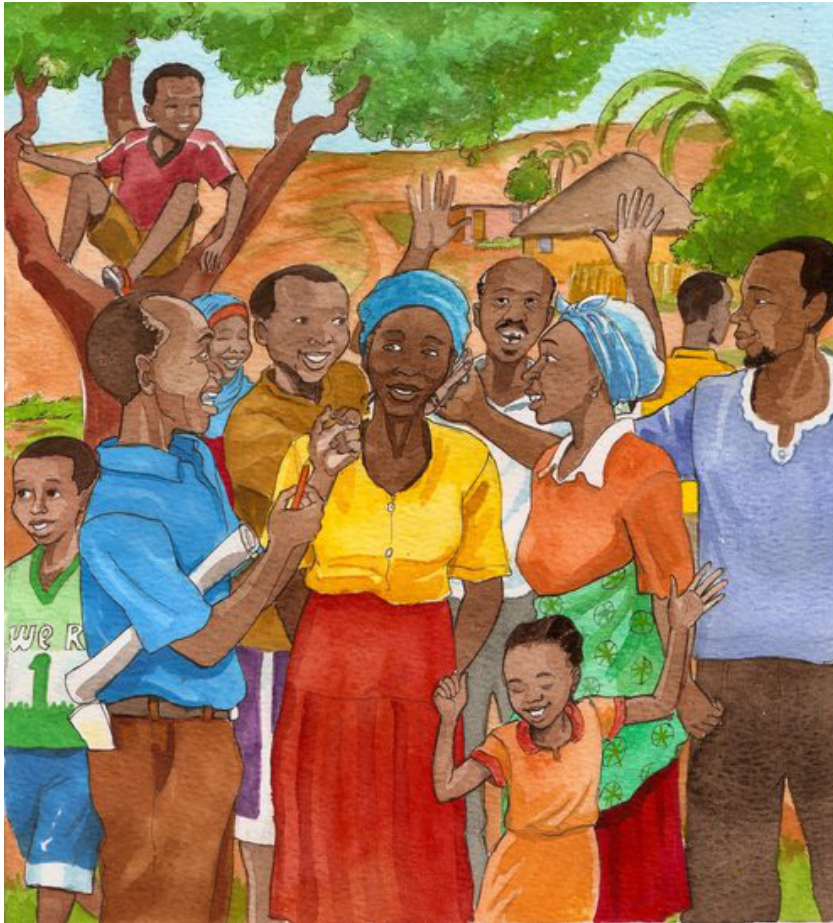




A Curse or a Blessing?

Alfred Esinyen
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English



For many months, the skies were dry. Lomongin, the famous rain-maker, talked to his gods.

People gathered outside his home, anxiously waiting for a message of hope.



When he came out, he assured people that the creator was going to give them rain soon.

They would be able to plant their crops.



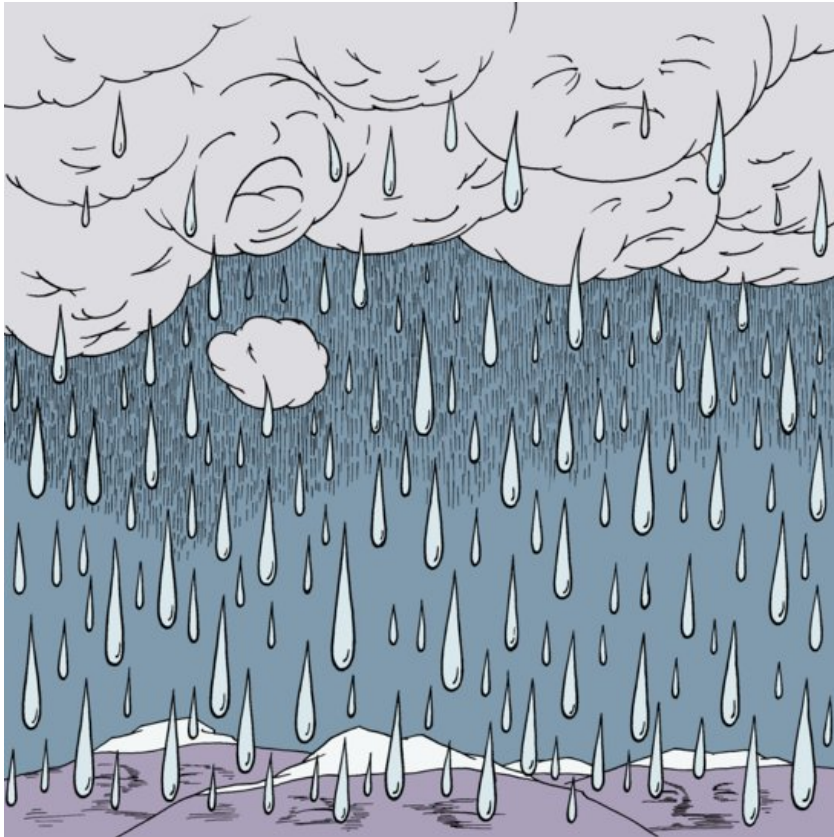
Children played outside as we waited for the rains.

Later that day, we saw big white clouds in the far east. I knew they were rain clouds.



People were still thinking about what the rain-maker said.

Mother shouted loudly, "There! The clouds are now dark. Come inside."



The rain poured down.

It poured, and poured,
and poured!



We had waited for the rains! At first we rejoiced.

But the rains did not stop.



There was water everywhere.

The bridge linking our village to the mainland was washed away.



Houses were washed away
by floods.

What was a blessing, was
now a disaster for us.



Everybody had prepared for planting. But now they could not plant. People of my village had longed for rain. Now they did not want it anymore.

We had no bridge to cross on. Many had no homes.



And, we had another problem! We saw crocodiles swimming everywhere.

This had never happened before. We were confused.



We could not go shopping because all the shops were across the river.

Children couldn't go to school because schools were across the river.



What should have been a blessing, became a curse to us. Lomongin, the rain-maker, was disappointed as well.

The only one who was happy, was Kapuus with his eight cats!

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